Vol. VIII.—No. 359. NOVEMBER 13, 1886. Price One Penny.

A DAISY.

By CLARA THWAITES, Author of "Songs for Labour and Leisure."

Be like the Daisy,
Sweet maid. Behold
How glorious within
Her heart of gold!

Be like the Daisy,
In shine or shade,
In summer or winter,
Courageous maid!

Be like the Daisy,
Simple and true,
Looking straight upward,
Up to the blue.

Lift thy head buoyantly
After the rain,
After adversity
Spring up again!

Seek not pre-eminence,
Look not for praise;
Safe and most blessèd
Are humbler ways.

From lowly sisters
Dwell not apart,
Keep through all splendour
Thy Daisy heart.

When in heaven's garden
Thy leaves unfold,
Thine be white raiment—
A crown of gold!

"LIFT THY HEAD BUOYANTLY AFTER THE RAIN."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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**"LIFT THY HEAD BUOYANTLY
AFTER THE RAIN."**

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Aunt Diana," "For Lilias," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEELER'S FARM.

After all, the difficulties were like Bunyan's chained lions—they did not touch me. How true it is that "one-half our cares and woes exist but in our thoughts." I had predicted for myself all manner of obstacles and troubles, and was astonished to find how smoothly and easily the days glided by.

From the beginning I had found favour in my mistress's eyes, and Mrs. Garnett had also expressed herself in warm terms of approbation. "Miss Fenton was a nice, proper young lady who gave herself no airs, and was not above her duties; and Master Reggie was already as good as gold with her." This was Mrs. Garnett's opinion; and as she was a great authority in the household, I soon experienced the benefit of her goodwill.

With the exception of Hannah, who generally called me "nurse" or "miss," I was "Miss Fenton" with the rest of the household; even the tall housemaid, Rhoda, who had charge of our rooms, invariably addressed me by that name.

Mrs. Garnett generally prefaced her remarks with "My dear." I found out afterwards that she was the widow of a merchant captain, and a little above her position; but Anderson, the butler, and Simon and Charles, the footmen, and Travers, Mrs. Morton's maid, always accosted me by the name of Miss Fenton; but I had very little to do with any of them—just a civil good-morning as I passed through the hall with the children. The messages to the nursery were always brought by Rhoda; and though Mrs. Garnett and Travers sometimes came in for a few minutes' gossip, I never permitted the least familiarity on Travers's part, and to do her justice she never gave me any cause for offence. She was a superior person, devoted to her mistress,

and as she and Anderson had been engaged for years, she had almost the staid manners of a married woman.

I soon became used to my new duties, and our daily routine was perfectly simple; early rising was never a hardship to me—I was too strong and healthy to mind it in the least. Hannah lighted the fire, that the room should be warm for the children, and brought me a cup of tea. At first I protested against such an unusual indulgence, but as Hannah persisted that nurse always had her cup of tea, I submitted to the innovation.

Dressing the children was merely play-work to me, with Hannah to assist in emptying and filling the baths. When breakfast was over, and Joyce and I had cleaned and fed the canaries, and attended to the flowers, Hannah got the perambulator ready, and we went into the Park or Kensington Gardens.

Joyce generally paid a visit to her mother's dressing-room before this, and on our way out baby was taken in for a few minutes in his little velvet pelisse and hat. We generally found Mrs. Morton reading her letters while Travers brushed out her hair and arranged it for the day. She used to look up so brightly when she saw us, and such a lovely colour would come into her face at the sight of her boy, but she never kept him long. "Be quick, Travers," she would say, putting the child in my arms. "I can hear your master's footsteps on the stairs, and he will be waiting for me." And then she kissed her hand to the children, and took up her letters again; but sometimes I caught a stifled sigh as we went out, as though the day's work was distasteful to her, and she would willingly have changed places with me.

On our return the children had their noonday sleep, and Hannah and I busied ourselves with our sewing until they woke up, and then the nursery dinner was brought up by Rhoda. Hannah always waited upon us before she would consent to take her place.

In the afternoon I sat at my work and watched the children at their play, or played with them. When Reggie was tired I nursed him, and in the twilight I sang to them or told them stories.

I never got quite used to Mr. Morton's visits—they always caused me embarrassment. His duties at the House occupied him so much that he had rarely time to do more than kiss his children. Sometimes Reggie refused to

be friendly, and struck at his father with his baby hand, but Mr. Morton only laughed.

"Baby thinks fardie is only a man," Joyce observed once, on one of these occasions, "but him is fardie."

Mr. Morton looked a little grave over this speech.

"Never mind, my little girl; Reggie is only a baby, and will know his father soon." But I think he was grieved a little when baby hid his naughty little face on my shoulder, and refused to make friends. "Go, go," was all he condescended to observe, in answer to his father's blandishments.

Mrs. Morton seldom came up into the nursery until I was putting the children to bed, but even then she never stayed for more than ten minutes. There were always visitors below, or it was time to dress for dinner, or there were letters to write. It was evident that Mr. Morton's wife had no sinecure's post. I think no hard-worked sempstress worked harder than Mrs. Morton in those days.

Now and then, when the children were sleeping sweetly in their little cots, and I was reading by the fire, or writing to Aunt Agatha, or busy about some work of my own, I would hear the soft swish of a silk dress in the corridor outside, and there would be Mrs. Morton, looking lovelier than ever, in evening dress.

"I have just come to kiss my darlings, Merle," she would say. "Dinner is over, and I am going to the theatre with some friends; they are waiting for me now, but I had such a longing to see them that I could not resist it."

"It is a bad night for you to go out," I observed once. "Rhoda says it is snowing, and you have a little cough, Travers tell me——"

"Oh, it is nothing," she replied, quickly; "I take cold very easily." But I noticed she shivered a little, and drew her furred mantle closer round her. "How warm and cosy you look here!" glancing round the room, which certainly looked the picture of comfort, with the lamp on the big, round table, and Hannah working beside it; and then she took up my book and looked at it. It was a copy of Tennyson's poems that Aunt Agatha had given me on my last birthday.

"If you want books, Merle," she said, kindly, "Mr. Morton has a large library, and I know he would lend you any if you will only be careful of them. Charles, the under footman, has charge of the room. If you go in early in the morning, and write out a list of what you wish, and give it to Travers, I will see you are supplied."

"Thank you; oh, thank you, Mrs. Morton!" I exclaimed, gratefully, for I was fond of reading, and the winter evenings were long, and a book was better company than Hannah, though she was a nice girl, and I never found her in my way. I used to talk to her as we sat at work together. She was a little shy with me at first, but after a time her reserve thawed. She was a farmer's daughter, the youngest but one of twelve children, and her mother was dead. She told me she had five sisters in service, and all doing well; but the eldest, Molly, stayed at home to take care of her father and brothers.

I grew interested at last in Hannah's simple narrative. It was a new experience of life for me, for I had never taken much notice of any servant but Patience before. I liked hearing about Wheeler's Farm, as it was called, and the old black-timbered house, with the great pear-tree in the courtyard and the mossy trough out of which the little black pigs drank, and round which strutted the big turkey-cock Gobbler, with his train of wives.

"The courtyard is a pretty sight of a summer's morning," Hannah said once, growing quite rosy with animation, "when Molly comes out with her apron full of corn for the chicks. I do love to see them, all coming round her, turkeys, and geese, and chicks, and fowls, and the little bantam cock always in the middle. And there are the pigeons, too, miss; some of them will fly on Molly's shoulder, and eat out of her hand. You should see Luke throw up the tumblers high in the air, and watch them flutter down again on his arms and hands, not minding him more than if he were a branch of the pear-tree itself."

Who was this Luke who was always coming into Hannah's talk? I knew he was not one of the five brothers, for I was acquainted with all their names. I knew quite well that Matthew and Thomas worked on the farm, and that Mark had gone to the village smithy; the twins, Dan and Bob, were still at school, and Dan was lame. Perhaps Luke was engaged to Molly. I hazarded the question once. How Hannah blushed as she answered me!

"Luke is Luke Armstrong, a neighbour's son, but his father is a hard, miserly sort of a man; for all he has Scroggins' Mill, and they do say has many stockings full of guineas. His wife is no better than himself, and his brother Martin bids fair to be the same. It is a wretched home for Luke, and ever since he was a lad he has taken kindly to our place. You see, father is hearty, miss, and so is Molly; they like to offer the bit and sup to those as need it, though it is only a bit of bread and cheese or a drop of porridge. Father hates a near man, and he hates old Armstrong like poison."

"Is Luke your sister Molly's sweetheart?" I hazarded after this. Hannah covered her face and began to laugh.

"Please excuse me," she said at last, when her amusement had a little subsided, "but it does sound so droll, Molly having a sweetheart! I am sure she would never think of such a thing. What would father and the boys do without her?"

"Bless me, Hannah," I returned, a little impatiently, "you have five other sisters, you tell me; surely one of them could help Molly, if she needed it; why, you might go home yourself!"

"Oh, but none of us understand the cows and the poultry and the bees like Molly, unless it is Lydia, and she is dairymaid up at the Red Farm. They do say Martin Armstrong wants Lyddy; but I hope, in spite of his father's guineas, she will have nothing to say to Scroggins' Mill or Martin. You see, miss," went on Hannah, waxing more confidential as my interest became apparent, "Wheeler's Farm is not a big place, and a lot of children soon crowded it out. Mother was a fine manager, and taught Molly all her ways, but they could not make the attics bigger, and there was not air enough to be healthy for four girls, with a sloping roof and a window not much bigger than your two hands. And then the creeper grew right to the chimneys; and though folk, and especially the squire, Lyddy's master, said how pretty it was, and called Wheeler's Farm an ornament to the whole parish, it choked up the air somehow; and when Annie took a low fever, Dr. Price lectured mother dreadfully about it. But father would not have the creeper taken down, so mother said there were too many of us at home, and some of us girls ought to go to service. Squire Hawtry always wanted Lydia, and Mrs. Morrison, the vicar's wife, took Emma into the nursery; and Dorcas, she went as maid-of-all-work to old Miss Powell; and Jennie and Lizzie found

places down Dorcote way; but Mrs. Garnett, who knew my father, coaxed him to let me come to London."

"And you are happy here?" I hazarded; but as I looked up from the cambric frill I was hemming, I noticed the girl's head droop a little.

"Oh, yes, I am happy and comfortable here, miss," she returned, after a moment's hesitation, "for I am fond of children, and it is a pleasant thought that I am saving father my keep, and putting aside a bit of money for a rainy day; but there's no denying that I miss the farm, and Molly, and all the dumb creatures. Why, Jess, the brindled cow, would follow me all down the field, and thrust her wet mouth into my hand if I called her; and as to Rover, Luke's dog——" But here I interrupted her.

"Ah, to be sure! How about your old playfellow, Luke! I suppose you miss him, too."

Hannah coloured, but somehow managed to evade my question, but after a week or two her reserve thawed, and I soon learnt how matters stood between her and Luke Armstrong.

They were not engaged—she would not allow that for a moment. Why, what would father and Molly say if she were to promise herself to a young fellow who only earned enough for his own keep? for Miller Armstrong was that close that he only allowed his youngest son enough to buy his clothes, and took all his hard work in exchange for food and shelter; while Martin could help himself to as much money as he chose, only he was pretty nearly as miserly as his father. Molly was always going on at Luke to leave Scroggins' Mill and better himself among strangers, and there was some talk of his coming nearer London, only he was so loath to leave the place where he was born. Well, if she must own it, Luke and she had broken a sixpence between them, and she had promised Luke that she would not listen to any other young man; and she had kept her word, and she was saving her money, because, if Luke ever made a little home for her, she would not like to go to it empty-handed. All the girls were saving money. Lydia had quite a tidy little sum in the savings bank, and that is what made Martin want her for a wife; for though Lydia had saving qualities, she was even plainer than Molly, and no one expected her to have a sweetheart.

I am not ashamed to confess that Hannah's artless talk interested me greatly. True, she was only a servant, but the simplicity and reality of her narrative appealed to my sympathy; the very homeliness of her speech seemed to stamp it more forcibly on my mind. I seemed to picture it all; the low-ceiled attic crowded with girls; the honest farmer and his strapping sons; hard-featured Molly milking her cows and feeding her poultry; young Luke Armstrong and his dog Rover, strolling down to Wheeler's Farm for a peep at his rosy-faced sweetheart. Many an evening I banished the insidious advances of homesickness by talking to Hannah of her home, and there were times when I almost envied the girl her wealth of home affection.

It seems to me that we lose a great deal in life by closing our ears and hearts to other people's interests; the more we widen our sympathies, and live in folk's lives, the deeper will be our own growth. Some girls simply exist: they never appear to be otherwise than poor, sickly plants, and fail to thrust out new feelers in the sunshine.

In those quiet evening hours when I had work to do for my children, and dare not indulge myself in writing to Aunt Agatha, or reading some deeply interesting book that Travers had procured for me that morning, Hannah's innocent rustic talk seemed to open a new door to my inner consciousness, to admit me into a fresh phase of existence. A sentence I had read to Aunt Agatha that Sunday afternoon often haunted me as I listened. "Behold, how green this valley is, also how beautiful with lilies. I have known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation," and I almost held my breath as I remembered that our Lord had been a labouring man.

Hannah never encroached in any way; she always tacitly acknowledged the difference in our stations, and never presumed on these conversations, but she let me see that she was fond of me by rendering me all sorts of little services, and on my side I tried to be useful to her.

She was very clever at work, and I taught her embroidery. Her handwriting and reading were defective—she had been rather a dunce at school, she told me; and I helped her to improve herself on both these points; farther than this I could not go.

I shall never forget my shame one evening when she came into the nursery and found me writing a letter to Aunt Agatha with a dictionary beside me,

for there was no trouble to which I would not put myself if I could only avoid paining those loving eyes.

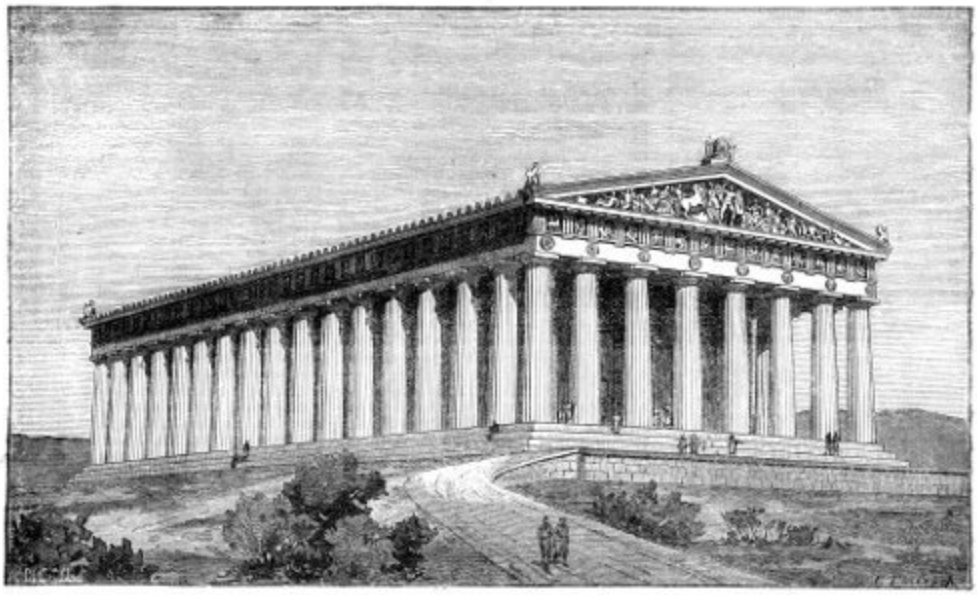
"Why, miss," she exclaimed in an astonished voice, "that is what I am obliged to do when I write to father or Molly! Molly is a fine scholar, and so is Lydia; the hardest words never puzzle them."

I must confess that my face grew hot as I stammered out my explanation to Hannah. I felt that from that night I should lose caste in her eyes, for only an enlightened mind could solve such an enigma; but I need not have been afraid, truth is sometimes revealed to babes.

"I would not fret about it if I were you, miss," observed Hannah, pleasantly; "it seems to me it is only like St. Paul's thorn in the flesh. Molly says sometimes, when father worries about the cattle or the bad harvest, 'that most people have a messenger of Satan to buffet them;' that is a favourite speech of Molly's. We should not like to be born crooked or lame, as she often tells us, but it might be our lot for all that, and we should get into heaven just as fast. It is not how we do it, but how we feel when doing it—that is Molly's proverb, and the most of us have our burthen to carry some part of the way."

"True, Hannah, and I will carry mine;" but as I spoke the tears were in my eyes, for though her words were true, the thorn was very piercing, and one had to get used to the smart.

(*To be continued.*)



THE PARTHENON.

GREEK AND ROMAN ART AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

By E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

PART I.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

"Goddess of wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years that bade thy worship to expire."

The Elgin Marbles are the remains of the sculptures which once adorned the Temple of Minerva at Athens, known as the Parthenon, of world-wide fame. Brought from Athens to England at the beginning of the present century, they are now placed where they can be seen of all sightseers, and studied by all lovers of art, in a long, well-lighted room at the British Museum, popularly known as the Elgin Room.

As we take our stand in this room, and gaze round us at these grand fragments—for, alas! fragments only are they now—our mind strives to restore the mutilated forms of these marble "men and women of more than mortal mould," that seem to repose or move before us in their grand statuesque dignity. And, broken and damaged as they indeed have become by time and exposure, many without heads, or hands, or feet, yet we cannot gaze upon them and consider them attentively without feeling more and more impressed by their heroic proportions and stately attitudes. We may well feel that we are justified in this impression, when we learn that these sculptured fragments are the remains of what is universally considered to have been, when perfect, the finest work of the best masters at the time of the highest development of Greek art.

Let us turn for a moment from the large figures that occupy the centre of the Elgin Room, to the bas-relief of smaller figures that seem to follow each other with living and rapid movement round the whole length of the walls of the room; horsemen on prancing steeds, charioteers in their chariots, animals driven to sacrifice, maidens bearing vases, succeed each other in quick succession; and the conclusion dawns upon us that this must surely have been intended to represent some stately procession, held in honour of those central heroic figures.

We ask, Whence come these people of stone? Who were they meant for? What are they supposed to be doing or celebrating?

Let us first devote a few words as to the place whence they came.

They must carry us to Athens, and, with them to lead us, we must travel back through the long ages to the world's golden youth in Greece—Greece, whose poetry speaks to us from wood, and cave, and ocean—whose mythic heroes are associated with the stars themselves. Turn our thoughts, then, to Greece, and to Athens, its pearl of cities, of which our own Milton writes so lovingly—

> "Behold
> Where, on the Ægean shore, a city stands,
> Built nobly; pure the air and light the soil—
> Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence."

> "What time the nightingale
> Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long"

to Plato in the gardens of the Academe, and the bees murmured on the fragrant slopes of Mount Hymettus, as they gathered their sweet honey from its scented flowers, in times long past and gone.

We refer to the time of Plato and Socrates, when, under Pericles, "wisest of rulers," the arts of poetry and sculpture sprang into glorious perfection, and the great name of Pheidias rose.

This was the time of that great war when the Greeks, with Athens at their head, beat back the invading army of Persians, and preserved civilisation

for Europe. In that war, Athens itself (with all its beautiful buildings, its theatres, its temples, even its very walls) was levelled to the ground by the invaders; and it was immediately after their glorious success, when the brave little nation had stemmed the tide of Asiatics under Xerxes with his

"ships by thousands,
And men in nations,"

that Pheidias, the architect and sculptor, was called upon, in commemoration of the victory, to build a temple to the patron goddess of Athens, and to adorn it with sculpture which should be worthy alike of the occasion and the divinity.

THE TEMPLE.—In the centre of the city of Athens rises the bold rocky eminence known as the Acropolis, in earliest prehistoric days the citadel and stronghold of her kings, but long since given up exclusively to her temples. From this commanding height might be seen the city stretched below, the fertile plain beyond, enclosed by the two winding streams, the Illissus and the Cyphissus, which spread verdure and abundance as they flowed on into the blue Ægean sea. The view was bounded on the south by the dark waters of that sea, while the distant mountains skirted the plain on the north, and varied the beauty of the scene.

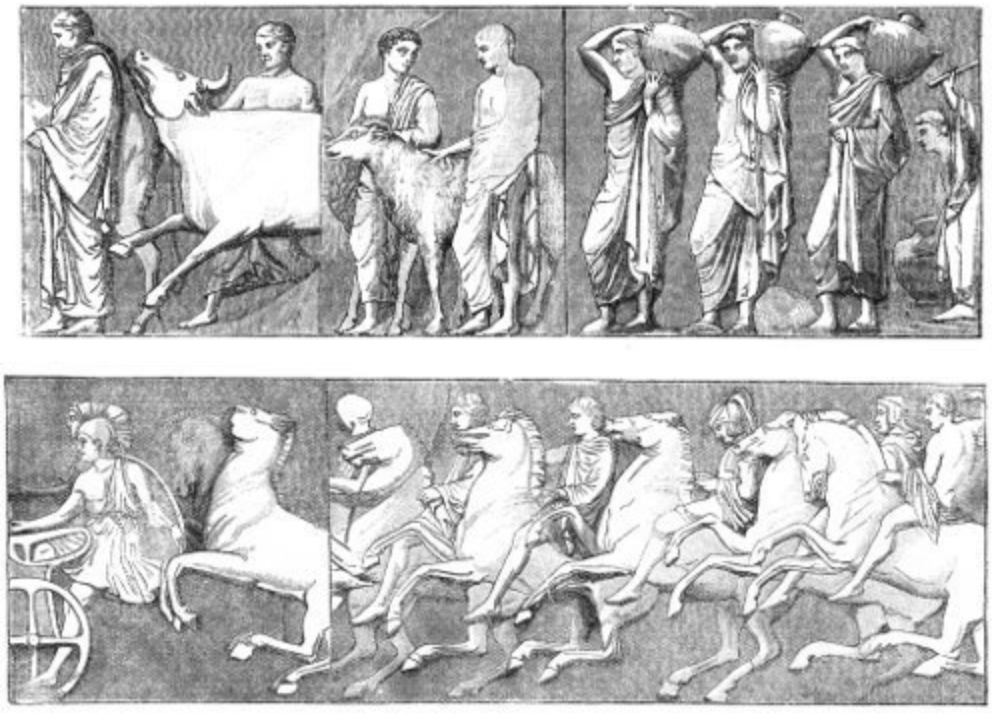
On this rocky height, and on the highest part thereof, was erected the new temple, built entirely of white marble. It was called the Parthenon, and was dedicated to Pallas-Athéné, the patron goddess of Athens. The same divinity was worshipped by the Romans under the name of Minerva. For, just as Ephesus is known to have worshipped especially the great goddess Diana, so Athens devoted herself to the worship of Pallas-Athéné, the goddess of wisdom, the virgin daughter of Jove. She was one of twelve chief gods who

were worshipped throughout Greece, but was held as more peculiarly the protecting deity of ancient Athens. A temple to this goddess had stood on the self-same spot before the war, which the Persians had destroyed. The former one was called the Hecatompedon, referring to its size.[1] The new one, the Parthenon, was the house (or chamber) of the virgin.[2] It was to be used for festivities and ceremonies in honour of the goddess, rather than for worship. It was of the same size as its predecessor, and was for that reason occasionally, but very rarely, called by the older name. The building of this temple was commenced 445 B.C., soon after the happy termination of the Persian war, while peace and prosperity ruled in the land. It took ten years to complete, and was accordingly finished in 435 before the Christian era. The times were therefore pagan times; but a great wave of civilisation passed over the favoured land of Greece, to which all modern art and literature owes so much; and the worship of Athéné, the goddess of wisdom and activity, takes its place amongst the purest and most elevating of the heathen religions.

It is, then, with Athéné and her worship that we have now to do.

ATHÉNÉ.—We must pause to devote a few words to the description of the qualities and attributes of this goddess who inspired these works of art, once so perfect. Athéné (or Pallas-Athéné, as she is frequently called) was the fair daughter of Zeus or Jupiter.[3] In her, "power and wisdom were harmoniously blended; she appears as the preserver of the State, and of everything which gives to the State strength and prosperity. She was the protectress of agriculture." With the Greeks, those most superstitious people, every fresh invention that led the way for the arts of civilisation was at once attributed to the inspiration of a god, thus "Athéné was said to have invented the plough and the rake, and to have created the olive tree"—that tree of so much importance in all Eastern countries, where the fruit is often an article of daily food, and the oil extracted from the olives is also serviceable for domestic purposes. As Apollo is associated with the sun, so Athéné is associated with the dawn, which wakes men from their slumbers when there is work to be done. She is therefore the goddess of industry and work, which daylight brings to all mortals. Athéné was thus the goddess of industry in every form. Besides agriculture, she was the patroness of arts and artificers, of embroidery and spinning, and all kinds of women's needlework. Also of intelligent and scientific warfare, as opposed to Ares

(or Mars), the other Greek god of war, who was the god of "blind brute force," while she is called the "preventer of war," "the defender of towns." She protected the State from outward enemies, and, as the patron divinity, she maintained the authority of law and order in the courts of the assembly of the people. It was she who was believed to have instituted the Court of the Areopagus, the Court of Justice, at Athens. She was, moreover, good and pure, a virgin deity whose heart was inaccessible to the passion of love.



Such are the many attributes of this beneficent goddess—ever young and ever strong, but thoughtful and serious—the beautiful, blue-eyed Athéné. Sometimes she is represented by artists in her warlike character; she then wears a golden helmet adorned with sphinxes, a breastplate of armour over her woman's drapery, the terrible snake-wreathed Medusa head in the centre, which turned to stone all who looked on it; she grasps her long spear in one hand, and holds her shield with the other. But, as often, we meet with her in her character of goddess of the peaceful arts. Then, her hair waves in long curls over her shoulders from beneath her helmet, but her dreadful corslet is put off, and instead of the spear she carries the spindle, emblem of domestic work, or feeds the serpent of Æsculapius (god of medicine)—type of the kindly acts of peace.

We shall find that she appears in both these capacities among the sculptures on her beautiful temple, the Parthenon. The two chief incidents of her fabled story were represented in the two pediments—the long, triangular spaces at the east and west ends of the building. The grand broken fragments are all that now remain to the world of those majestic figures; while the chief ceremonies yearly performed in her honour by her worshippers, are depicted in the bas-relief of the procession, which ran continuously round the outer wall of the temple, under the colonnade. The delicate forms were here protected from inclement weather, and the work was seen in pleasant, subdued, reflected light. The effect was enhanced by delicate tinting, both of flesh and drapery, against a background of blue; also by points of judicious gilding here and there—for instance, on the spear of Athéné, the harness and trappings of the horses, the olive-branches borne by the farmers. Holes are plainly visible in the marble, where these gilt or bronze additions were made.

THE PROCESSION.—This sculptured procession represents the final act of the chief national festival, which lasted for twelve days. The festival was called the Pan-Athenæa; it was celebrated every year, but in its full splendour only every fourth year.

The word *pan* means *all*, and *Athenæa*, *Athenians*. It was so named because all free-born Athenian citizens were bound to appear in it, but none others were allowed that honour. Accordingly, in this bas-relief we see marshalled in procession all the various people in whose occupations "the blue-eyed goddess"[4] was supposed principally to interest herself. As we approach the temple from the western end, first appear in long array the horsemen, the knights of Athens, the flower of her young nobility, on their prancing and curvetting Thessalian steeds, the defenders of their country in times of peril. Most of these are dressed in light armour. We note both horses and men; how wonderfully instinct with life and movement they are, yet each one different! Next advance the warriors, in their light, open, two-wheeled chariots, every one with his attendant driver beside him.

Marshals at intervals turn to the advancing throng to regulate the order of march, spirited figures that seem greatly to add to the reality and movement of the scene.

Next come the aliens—that is, foreigners resident in Athens who, in acknowledgment of the great favour of being allowed to reside in that proud city, and as a return for her protection, had to carry the heavy pitchers of water and great vases of wine, to be used in the sacrifices. Their wives also walked in the procession, and carried sunshades, (I mean parasols), for the freeborn Athenian ladies, in order to remind them of their dependent position. These so-called aliens were probably well-to-do merchants, either from the Greek colonies or from some neighbouring state, they themselves and their wives in every way as much considered in their own city as the Athenians in theirs.

Next came the musicians, with flutes and lyres, instruments that the "fair goddess" was said to have herself invented.

Then came the farmers from the Attic plains, the worthy countrymen who cultivated the olive orchards that yielded the special harvest of the country; they bear boughs of the tree that Athéné herself was supposed to have planted, the growth of which had so largely conduced to the prosperity of the land. Lastly, come the colonists from all the Athenian colonies, who were obliged to contribute sheep, oxen, and goats for sacrifice; these are accompanied by their officiating priests.

At the head of the procession, with modest air and downcast eyes and slow and stately movement, walk the noble matrons and virgins of Athens, carrying small vases, and saucers called pateræ, for the libations which were to be used in the sacrifices. A marshal takes a roll from the foremost pair of maidens, probably the hymn which has been chanted on the way.

We now approach the climax. The people of Athens do not come empty-handed to their guardian patroness. They bring her a beautiful dress or shawl, called in Greek the *peplos*, which has been covered with richest embroidery by maidens selected from the noblest families. These Athenian girls have plied their needles daily for many months, in a room set apart within the precincts of the temple, where they have worked under the superintendence of the priestesses of Athéné. The gorgeous embroidery represented the fight with the giants, the brutal and lawless powers of fabulous times, in which the goddess of law and order had been victorious, and had destroyed the monsters. The colour of the dress was yellow, the colour of the sun; by which it was evidently intended to suggest the idea

that the power of light, physical and moral, would conquer the evil powers of darkness.

It is the birthday of Athéné, the 28th day of the Greek month, called Hecatombæon, supposed to be our Midsummer Day, the day of the sun's summer solstice; and the beautiful crocus-coloured peplus is her birthday present from the city which she honours with her patronage and mild sway. A young boy bears it folded up in a large fringed square, and presents it to the priest of the temple, while the priestess beside him turns to receive the sacrificial cakes which a maiden carries on her head, on a tray covered with a cloth.

We have by this time come to the space immediately over the main entrance to the temple, at the east end; and here we see the twelve gods of Greece ranged, six on each side, over the doorway, the presentation of the peplus dividing the two groups of gods. Amongst them sits Athéné, as described in Homer's "Odyssey."

"Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom," a tall and simple maiden; her armour is cast off, she does not even wear her helmet; a golden spear formerly rested by her side, and the snake, type of the native soil, coils round her arm like a delicate bracelet.

The gay procession which this bas-relief represents actually took place every fourth year at Midsummer. The festival lasted, as I have mentioned, for twelve days, during which time various games, or rather trials of strength and skill, were performed, in which the bravest and noblest of the Athenian youths eagerly competed. Each day was held a different game or contest. The procession and prize-giving terminated the proceedings. None but free-born Athenian citizens, however noble they might be held elsewhere, were allowed to take part. None others might even walk in the procession, except, as we have seen, in a servile capacity. The games consisted of chariot races, races on horseback and on foot; and musical contests, in which the flute players, and the players on the cithæra (or lyre) contended for pre-eminence.

On the last day of the festival the citizens met in the Agora, or market-place, where the procession was formed in the early morning; they wound round the city and across the plain; and by noon they were streaming up the steep hill of the Acropolis, their shining armour of bronze flashing in the

bright sunlight, and their white or yellow holiday garments brilliant against the blue sky of Greece, as they paced along on the hill-top towards their temple, chanting the praise and story of their goddess as they went.

Arrived at the temple, sacrifices were offered up to Athéné and her father, Zeus. This ceremony was performed in a manner somewhat similar to that used for burnt-offerings in the Jewish Ritual, and described in Leviticus. Certain portions of the victim were burnt, another portion was set aside for the priests, and the rest was afterwards eaten by the common people. The Greeks believed that their gods were actually nourished by the fumes of the burning food.

I give a description of a Greek sacrifice from Homer's "Iliad":—

> "Their prayers performed, the chiefs the rite pursue,
> The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.
> The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide,
> The thighs, selected to the gods, divide.
> On these, in double cauls involved with art,
> The choicest morsels lie from every part.
> From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
> While the fat victims feed the sacred fire.
> The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,
> The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
> Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
> Each takes his seat and each receives his share."

While the priests offered up the victims on the altar in front of the temple, the people chanted hymns in honour of their goddess, while they moved round the altar with slow, rhythmic steps.

Immediately after the sacrifice of the burnt-offerings, the awards to the victors in the athletic games took place; the victors themselves and their immediate friends were alone admitted into the temple, where sat the judges, the priests, and the chief officers of state; the populace stood outside. There were no money prizes. The honour was the one thing they had striven for, and the crowns of fresh leaves of oak or parsley, olive or bay, were deemed an all-sufficient reward.

"'Tis but a crown of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives."

But the prize esteemed before all others was a jar filled with the oil made from the fruit of the olive-tree which grew within the precincts of another and more ancient temple to Athéné on the Acropolis. This tree was very old, and was firmly believed by her worshippers to have been the same that Athéné had herself created, the first one known on Attic soil, from which all the fertile olive-woods had sprung that covered the plains. So highly did the victors in the games treasure these vases that they never parted with them during their lifetime, and when they died they were placed in their graves. From this custom of burying treasured objects, many curious relics have come down to us, and from it do we derive much of our knowledge of antiquity. The sketch given against our initial-letter is from a vase found in the tomb of a Greek colonist at Cyrene, on the north coast of Africa. Our colonist, who laid his bones on the parched and sandy soil of Africa, had evidently, in his youth, been the proud victor in one of the chariot-races in Athens, for we see depicted on one side of the vase a chariot-race, while a figure of Athéné, as the "warrior maid," appears on the other; the jar itself is inscribed with the words (in Greek), "I am one of the prizes from Athens," of such a year, giving the date. There are many of these interesting prize-vases from various parts of the Greek world now to be seen in the Vase Room in the British Museum—links with the dead past.

The judges who awarded the prizes to the victors in the games sat within the temple, in a row, on a raised platform at the foot of the great statue of Athéné, which was considered, for perfect beauty of proportion and grand dignity of expression, one of the finest works of art ever conceived. The expectant crowd, collected outside the temple, could see through the open doorway this gigantic figure towering high above the row of judges. It measured forty feet in height, and the golden figure of the Victory, which is held in its outstretched hand, alone measured six feet, the height of an extremely tall man.

The goddess thus appeared to the multitude to be presenting the prizes to the successful competitors.

The Greeks aimed at cultivating the physical powers up to the greatest possible pitch of perfection, and in later times they gave the same pains to

cultivating the powers of the mind. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" (a healthy mind in a healthy body) was one of their favourite maxims. Their games and feats of strength were to the Greeks, in their day, a good deal what our Oxford and Cambridge boat races, our Eton and Harrow cricket matches, our Volunteer training, are to us, which help to make our English lads such fine spirited young fellows. In the early days, before Pericles, the games consisted entirely of trials of physical skill—foot races, horse races, wrestling, boxing, throwing the discus or quoit. But in the more cultivated times of Pheidias, there were also trials of intellectual skill.

It is recorded that Herodotus, the earliest Greek historian (called the "father of history"), read aloud his history to the assembled Athenians at the Pan-Athenaic festival, 446 B.C. It was so greatly admired that the city with one voice voted him a reward of ten talents (a talent is worth about £240). While at other festivals dramas were produced, and the plays being acted in the great open-air theatre at the foot of the Acropolis, the author of the best play received a crown of laurel.

The plays then written, the subjects of which were the popular Greek legends, still rank, for grandeur of sentiment and nobility of feeling, with the finest poetry the world has ever produced. This proves to us that the Greeks were a highly refined and cultivated people. The Greek influence in art and literature has left its own mark in civilising and elevating mankind; but the belief in their legends was doomed to fade away and vanish utterly, "like an insubstantial pageant," when the truer light arose in Palestine which came in after years to bless and illumine the world.

(*To be concluded.*)

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Hecaton—Greek for hundred; pedon, feet.

[2] Parthenos—Greek for virgin.

[3] The Greek Zeus is the Jupiter of the Roman mythology.

[4] As Homer constantly calls her.

EXPLANATION OF FRENCH AND OTHER TERMS USED IN MODERN COOKERY.

PART II.

Hors d'œuvres (hot).—A species of very light entrées, such as small patties, ox-piths, brains, cock's combs, croquettes, etc.

Hors d'œuvres (cold).—Sardines, anchovies, prawns, tunny, prepared herrings, savoury butters, radishes, caviar, and many other things are served as hors d'œuvres. They should be eaten immediately after the soup and fish, as they are considered as appetisers.

Jardinière.—A mixed preparation of vegetables cut in dice or, more generally, fancy shapes—small balls, diamonds, etc.—and stewed in their own sauce, with a little butter, sugar, and salt.

Julienne.—Vegetables cut in very thin strips, and used for soup; also in some ways of cooking fish and meat.

Jus.—The gravy that runs from roast meat, or strong, good gravy made from meat.

Kilogramme is equal to two pounds and one-fifth of a pound avoirdupois. It contains 1,000 grammes, so one generally takes 500 grammes as equal to one pound.

Laitance.—Soft rows of fish.

Larder.—Larder is sometimes confounded with piquer. Larder is to stick pieces of ham, tongue, truffles, or bacon into meat or poultry, after making little holes in it to receive them, so that when it is cut it looks marbled, and the meat gains in flavour from the truffles or whatever it may be that is inserted.

Lit.—A bed or layer; articles in thin slices with seasoning or other things placed between them.

Liaison.—Thickening. By this word is understood a thickening made with one or more yolks of eggs. They are used for many sauces and some soups; sometimes a little cream or milk is added to them.

Litre.—A French measure, equal to a pint and a half English measure.

Luting.—A paste made of flour and water only, and used for fastening down the lids of fireproof pans and jars when preserving game, etc., in them, so as to prevent evaporation.

Macaroncini.—A small kind of macaroni, larger than vermicelli.

Macedoine.—Vegetables prepared and cooked as for *jardinière*, but with the addition of some white sauce to them.

Macedoine of fruit.—Mixed fruits in jelly.

Madeleine.—Very like queen cake.

Maigre.—Without meat; sauces, soups, or broths made with vegetables, etc., but without meat or meat stock.

Maitre d'hotel.—A sauce made with white sauce, parsley, and lemon juice, if to use hot; if cold, it is made by kneading butter, parsley, and lemon-juice together. Made thus, it is often put on fillet or rump steaks before they are sent to table.

Manier.—This word is applied to the preparation of butter or other fat used for making different kinds of paste. It consists in pressing the fat in a cloth until it is quite soft and all the moisture is removed from it.

Massepains.—Sweetmeats made from almond paste (similar to that put over wedding cakes), cut or moulded into shapes, and glazed on the outsides. They are easy to make, and very nice for dessert.

Matelotte.—A rich and expensive fish stew, made properly of mixed fresh-water fish, but sometimes of only one kind. Trout, eels, or carp are most used. Wine enters largely into the composition of this dish.

Marinades.—Cooked marinade is prepared with vinegar, water, vegetables, parsley, herbs, and bayleaves. If it is not cooked, it consists of chopped onions, parsley, herbs, oil, and lemon-juice, or vinegar. Marinade is a pickle.

Mayonnaise.—Yolks of eggs worked into a stiff cream by slowly dropping oil and vinegar into them as they are stirred.

Mazarines.—Ornamented entrées made of forcemeats, with either fillets of fish or pieces of chicken or game.

Menu.—A bill of fare.

Meringue.—A kind of sweetmeat or icing, made by beating whites of eggs and sugar to snow, and then baking in a slow oven.

Mignonette Pepper.—A preparation of either black or white peppercorns, which, after being broken in a mortar to about the size of mignonette-seed, is sifted to remove the dust from it.

Minestrone.—Clear stock, with peas, rice, carrots and tomato sauce in it, served with grated Parmesan cheese.

Mirepoix.—A compound used to impart flavour to braised meats.

Miroton.—Pieces of meat larger than collops, such as would be put in a stew.

Mitonner.—Same as mijoter; to simmer or cook very slowly.

Mouiller.—To add liquor to anything.

Nougats.—A mixture of baked almonds and boiled sugar.

Nouilles.—Paste made of yolks of eggs and flour, which is cut in fine strips like vermicelli.

Panada.—A preparation of sopped bread wrung in a cloth, then cooked with butter, or of flour, water, and butter. Panada of bread or of flour is needed in the preparation of many forcemeats.

Paner.—To cover meat or anything else with very fine breadcrumbs before broiling, frying, or baking it.

Panure.—Scollops, croquettes, cutlets, or any other entrée that is breadcrumbed or pané.

Papillottes (en).—Cooked in buttered papers.

Piping.—This is the name given to the sugar work used for ornamenting cakes, tartlets, etc. It is done by working white of egg and fine sugar

together, and then pressing the sugar through a sort of funnel. An india-rubber implement is made for this purpose, which is much easier to use than a tin one.

Piquer.—To lard; that is to say, to put strips of bacon fat in a larding-needle and draw the needle through the surface of the meat or game, so that the two ends of each strip of bacon stick out.

Pluche.—The leaves of parsley, tarragon, chervil, lettuce, or sorrel broken or cut into small pieces—not chopped. They are mixed or used separately. The word is sometimes spelled with an "s," instead of a "c."

Poivrade.—A sauce made with pepper, vinegar, shalots, bunch of parsley, salt, and broth.

Poelée, or *Poële*.—A braise or stock used for boiling turkeys, fowls, sweetbreads, etc., to render them less insipid. It is made from suet, veal, vegetable, lemon-pulp, water, etc.

Poêle.—A pan, a frying-pan, or a stove.

Pot-au-feu.—Soup with boiled meat.

Potiron.—Pumpkin soup.

Profitrolles.—Pastry of a very light kind, filled with custard, whipped cream, or prepared chocolate, etc.

Purée.—Meat or vegetables that have been sufficiently cooked and then rubbed through a sieve. A purée retains its name when sufficient stock is added to it to form a thick sauce or soup.

Quenelles.—A delicate kind of forcemeat used in the preparation of various entrées. It is made usually of poultry, game, or fish, with panada, rich sauces, or yolks of eggs, etc.

Ragoût.—A stew; sometimes a very rich dish, sometimes little more than a hash.

Ravioles.—Kind of rissoles made in nouilles paste, served with Parmesan cheese over them, or in soup.

Ravigotte.—Mayonnaise with chopped cress, parsley, tarragon, chervil, and chives added to it.

Relevés, or *Removes*.—The dishes that, when put on table, would take the places of the soup and fish.

Rêmoulade.—A salad dressing made with parsley, tarragon, chervil, chives, capers, anchovies, mustard, oil, and vinegar.

Rissoles.—Light puff pastry filled with meat, fish, or sweets, and boiled in fat of some kind.

Roux.—Brown roux (used for thickening) is made by frying butter and flour together until of a nice brown colour. White roux is made in the same way, but the flour must be cooked well without being allowed to colour. It is best made in a saucepan, and should be stirred all the time over a moderate fire. Sometimes flour is baked, then mixed with butter, for roux.

Salpicon.—Poultry, fish, or other things prepared with truffles, etc., for croustades, timbales, croquettes, etc.

Salmi.—A highly-finished hash of cooked game or wild-fowl, cut up and prepared with rich sauce or made gravy.

Sauté.—To fry cutlets, scollops of game, poultry, or fish, etc., lightly in butter.

Sautoir.—A very shallow stewpan used for sautés.

Soufflé.—The word means something puffed up. Soufflés are very light puddings. They may be made with any kind of farinaceous substance, with the addition of well-beaten eggs flavoured with fruits, liqueurs, or essences. They must be served the moment they are ready. They can also be made with fruit. Iced soufflés are made in various ways; but the mixture is iced, instead of baked.

Sparghetti.—Naples vermicelli.

Stock.—Unthickened broth or gravy, with which soups or sauces can be made.

Tartare.—Mayonnaise, with the addition of chopped shalots, gherkins, tarragon, chervil, and a little chili vinegar and mustard.

Tamis, or *Tammy*.—A cloth made for straining through. It should be of goat's hair, but is frequently only woollen canvas.

Timbale is a sort of pie made in a mould and turned out before it is sent to table.

Tourner is used for stir; but it also means to turn—that is to say, to shape, as cutting vegetables into the form of olives, balls, pears, etc.

Tourte.—A delicate sort of tart, baked usually in a shallow tin. It may contain fish, meat, or fruit.

Trousser.—To truss.

Truffer.—To stuff with truffles. This is generally for pheasants, turkeys, or capons.

Turbans.—Ornamental entrées made of game, poultry, or fish, and forcemeats.

Velouté.—The white sauce used as a basis for so many others. It is rich double stock, made with veal, poultry, ham, vegetables, etc., and thickened with flour and butter. It must always be white.

Vol-au-vent.—Puff paste of the lightest kind, filled with a delicate ragoût or fricassée. Fruit may also be enclosed in a vol-au-vent crust.

Vinaigrette.—Oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt together.

Water-souchet.—A simple way of dressing fish by boiling it with parsley roots and leaves, and pepper and salt, and serving it in its own broth, with plates of brown bread-and-butter.

Zeste.—Lemon rind. Sometimes orange and Seville orange rind are called "zeste."

Zita.—Naples macaroni.

THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Authoress of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER I.

here is no part of inhabited England, rural or urban, to be found precisely in the same condition, or presenting the same aspect, as in the days of King Henry the Third. And if the baronial hall of the Bellamonts is no longer to be found *in situ* at Swarkstone, on the Derbyshire banks of the Trent, the devastating hands of Time and Warfare must be blamed, not the present chronicler.

Besides the Danish Sverk or Swark's *tun* (or territorial enclosure), Sinfin Moor, Chellaston, and all the lands down to the broad river, had been included in the demesne granted to his Norman follower and his descendants by William the Conqueror, who took and gave the property of the conquered with a like lavish profusion. But the lands have been denuded of wood, partitioned, bought, sold, passed in heirship or exchange for centuries since a Bellamont held sway over all.

The very eminence from which their castellated hall looked down upon the distant river has been levelled and ploughed up, as if to score out all record of Bellamont possession.

Yet the Bellamonts left a memorial of their occupancy which should have embalmed their name in history, and kept it sweet and fresh in the memories of men, had gratitude been as vital or hereditary as a benefaction.

How many travellers from London, or Oxford, or Leicester, or Ashby-de-la-Zouch, to Derby, passing in all those centuries over Swarkstone Bridge, have paused to ask when, or why, or by whom it was there erected for their convenience?

Tradition is best preserved when crystallised in a story.

There were gay doings in the hall and the villages around Bellamont in the June of 1258, when a noble party of guests had assembled at the hall to share the festivities at the forthcoming marriage of the ladies Idonea and Avice, the twin daughters of Richard Earl Bellamont and his noble countess.

More than one disappointed suitor was there amongst the party, either too proud to show his wounds, or gallantly indifferent; for as the earl's only son had been drowned in his childhood, the fair maidens were known to be co-heiresses, and not a neighbouring lord or knight but would have been well pleased to add a slice of the Bellamont lands to his own estate.

Then report said the sisters were wonderfully fair and virtuous; that their lady-mother had early initiated them into the mysteries of good housewifery; and the learned Prior of Burton (John de Stretton) had opened unto them the still greater mysteries of reading, writing, accounts, and religion—not least, if last.

No wonder, then, that many a lance was set in rest and broken in tilt or tourney for one or other of the sisters, seeing they were endowed with beauty, wealth, thrift, learning, and the Christian graces.

Such prizes are not often offered for the winning.

The Countess Joan would fain have given one of her daughters to a kinsman, William Harpur, of Ticknall, but fate, and, it may be, Prior John, had determined otherwise.

Idonea had promised her hand to Sir Ralph de Egginton; and Sir Gilbert Findern—in whose gardens bloomed the fair blossoms his father had brought from the Holy Land—was the heart's-chosen of sweet Avice.

"Two as gallant knights, my lady," said the earl to his busy spouse, "as father could desire for the honour and protection of his girls, when his own arm grows feeble, or his grey head rests on a stone pillow. Methinks thy kinsman, Will Harpur, covets most my coffer and lands, he was so willing to bid for Avice when Idonea said 'nay' to his suit."

However that might be, both he and the prior joined the gay cavalcade that issued from the triply arched gateway of the hall, bent on flying their hawks

on Sinfin Moor. Gay, indeed, if brilliant apparel, buoyant hearts, and bounding steeds might count for gaiety. Luxury in dress was an enormity of the time, as of this.

The young Ladies Bellamont, considering their rank, made less ostentatious display of wealth in their attire than any of their companions that bright June morning. Each wore a cyclas, or tunic of purple velours (velvet) bordered with gold, over a tawny silken robe, that hid the long points of their embroidered shoes, as they reined in their palfreys, gracefully seated on the new high-backed side-saddles, the observed of all observers.

Yet they did not court undue observation. Indoors the sunny curls of Avice or the darksome tresses of Idonea flowed freely over their shoulders, simply confined by a ribbon fillet or a chaplet of fresh flowers. But then a kerchief of white Cyprus-lawn, cunningly folded as a wimple o'er the head, and a gorget round the throat, served as a modest screen alike from the ardent sun and the free glances of strangers. And, as was their wont when the year was in its prime, over her wimple Idonea wore a chaplet of rare red roses, Avice one of blushing white.

The earl was wont to call them his two sweet roses and laughingly bid their wooers beware the thorns. But little of thorns did their favoured knights think as down the steep hill they rode together, each displaying in his velvet cap and cyclas of embroidered silken samite the colour of his ladye-love.

Deep as the red heart of the rose was the cyclas worn over the buff-leather surcoat of Sir Ralph de Egginton, and a carbuncle blazed in his dagger hilt. White as purity was the samite cyclas of Sir Gilbert Findern, but it was girdled by a leathern dagger-belt, bestudded with pink coral and pearls, as was the haft of his weapon, and in either cap or bonnet was his lady's symbol, in token the wearer laid his life at her feet, and was equally ready to live or die for her.

There was more thought of living than of dying that bright morning, as, following closely Prior John and the old earl, each knight with his hooded sacret perched on his hawking-glove, each lady with her merlin, they laughed and jested merrily, or whispered words of sweetness not for second ears; and the happiness of the fine young couples, their means and their future homes were freely discussed behind them in the midst of arguments on the merits of favourite falcons.

There was a motley following of esquires, yeomen, pages, villeins on horseback and on foot, with every species of hawk the law permitted; grooms with dogs in the leash; but chief of all the falconer, conspicuous in his green cloth surcoat, with the square frame he held around him, on which were perched and held by silken jesses the peregrine falcons of his master, and the sparrow-hawk of the prior, who had doffed his cowl and frock for the occasion, as freely as the earl and his friends their rough-weather mantles.

On went they all at a gentle trot, with the bright day before them, and were crossing the common road which ran from Derby to the river, some of the more eager galloping on ahead to Sinfin Moor, when suddenly the loud blast of a horn wakened the echoes, and startled speech to silence.

It was not the horn of a huntsman, but a sharp imperative blast that spoke of emergency.

Again and again it was repeated. Horses neighed, and eyes were turned to other eyes in silent question. The lips of Avice turned pale, the cheeks of Idonea flushed crimson as her own roses, her heart beat quick as that of her gentler sister seemed to stop its beating.

"What can it bode?" rose to the lips of both in different intonations.

"No evil, Avice, rest assured," answered Sir Gilbert, cheerily, "and if there were, am I not here to guard you with my life?" Yet as he spoke he bethought him that a dagger was but a sorry trust to warrant such high words, and longed for his good sword.

The cavalcade had come to a standstill, and the horses pawed the ground impatiently, the hot-blooded earl chafing almost as impatiently as his steed.

"Marry!" cried he, "for what are we waiting here, like a brood of frightened chicks? Let us on and meet the messenger, whatever be his tidings." And forward he went, with the bold prior by his side, and the whole hawking party after him—some brave, all curious.

Two minutes more, and a mounted herald came in sight, guarded by four pursuivants; their horses' limbs and trappings wet, as if they had forded the river, then lowered by long draughts of the thirsty sun.

"Weareth he not the Earl of Leicester's badge and cognisance?" asked the earl. "My old eyes are hardly to be trusted."

"Aye, my lord, and he spurs as if in haste," replied the prior.

In haste, indeed! The herald bore a double message from his noble lord, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester; first—without the herald's long preamble—as the mouthpiece of their sovereign lord, King Henry, to summon his loyal barons and knights to assemble in a parliament at Oxford on the eleventh of that same month of June; and secondly from Simon de Montfort's self, to bid those same barons and knights come to the Oxford parliament armed, and with armed attendants, in order, if needful, to wrest from the king the ratification of the great charter they had obtained from his weak predecessor by like means at Runnymede.

They were moreover bidden to meet for conference in Leicester the following day. Desiring first to learn how many of the county knights were of the Bellamont company, so as to spare him needless journeying, the herald then set spurs to his steed, and was off with his followers in all haste to Derby, urgency serving as his excuse for declining the proffered hospitality of the good earl.

Here was a summons as startling as it was sudden and peremptory!

The falconer might carry his hawks back to the mews. There was a duty more imperative than filling the larder under the name of sport.

Back went the gallant hawking party, in more of haste and excitement, if less of glee, than when they had left the great gateway at a canter scarce half an hour before, by the sun.

The warder on the watch threw open the great gates in consternation, certain some mischance had happened.

Lady Joan left her housewifery, and was there in her lap-cloth (or apron) to receive them, with a face full of apprehension.

"There can be no hawking to-day, Joan," said her lord, "we must don harness and speed to Leicester. The king hath summoned a parliament to meet him at Oxford."

"Arm! A parliament! Do parliaments assemble in arms?"

"This will, good Joan, for so hath decided Simon de Montfort. But never look so scared, my lady. And you, my blooming roses, need not droop; there will be no bloodshed. You will have your gallant bridegrooms back ere another week be out," answered the earl, cheerily.

"But the bridal—the banquet?" cried the dame, in dismay.

The young knights helping their downcast fair ones to alight, seemed each to put a like question in an undertone, pressing the gloved hands they were so loth to relinquish, even for an hour.

"If the bridegrooms be impatient, and the earl be willing, the bridal can precede the parliament," suggested the prior. "I am here, and Father Paul"—referring to his attendant priest—"can have his vestments and the chapel ready long ere noon. What say ye, Bellamont, and Lady Joan? And these fair maidens, Idonea and Avice, what say ye? Shall the church bind ye ere the bridegrooms go?"

The damsels blushed; the two knights looked eagerly for their replies.

Ere they could speak the old earl blurted forth, "Nay, nay, Prior John, the nation's charter must take precedence of private contracts. And whoe'er heard of a happy wedding without a feast; a feast to rich and poor. And, look up, my bonny roses, I will bring your brave knights back ere this day week. Say I not well? The banquet will not suffer from delay."

What could they say?

That was the ninth, the twelfth had been appointed for the nuptials. Great were the preparations. Their lady-mother would be displeased if aught of state were wanting at the ceremony or the banquet.

"Our private inclinations must give place to duty," answered Idonea, proudly, red as the roses round her wimple.

"Be it as my good father and Sir Gilbert will," was the response of Avice, in lower and milder tone.

"Be it as I will, children. And now, on with your lap-cloths and away to help your busy mother and her handmaidens to provide a hasty meal, whilst we exchange our hawking-gear for shirts of mail. And you, Prior John, may say your *Benedicite* over our hasty repast, to bless our enterprise. And I pray

you, and such of our friends as go not with us, of your courtesy abide here our return. Will Harpur here will do devoir for me."

The two knights, conversing earnestly apart, looked at each other with contracted brows, as if Will Harpur were no favourite with either.

The old earl turned to them. "Lack you aught, sirs, that would call you to Egginton or Findern ere you ride to Leicester, or go you on with me?"

"With you, my lord," replied Sir Ralph for both. "We but seek to despatch a trusty messenger to our homes to keep back preparations there, and cool expectations."

"Friar Paul will do your errand faithfully, sir knights," kindly volunteered the obliging prior; "he starts in an hour with a scroll of mine for the monastery, and can take Findern and Egginton by the way."

"Thanks, prior. Our own esquires and foot-pages must follow us."

With that the group dispersed, to add to the general commotion. In the great hall there was a hurrying of serving men from kitchen and buttery with large dishes to cover the boards on movable tressels, that did duty as tables, already spread by dainty handmaids with fair linen napery, and platters of coarse bread (to serve afterwards as doles to the poor). Solid joints and lighter dainties, already prepared for the deferred wedding-feast, were brought forward to grace this parting meal—a parting meal, indeed, and it seemed to cast a shadow on the hurried preparations beforehand.

The lady was not pleased to surrender the peacock with his outspread tail, or the plumed cygnet for aught but the grand occasion, if the lamb and the salmon had to share the fate of the great joints; and when the bearer of the great silver saltcellar (set midway on the board to mark the bounds of rank from dependents) stumbled and shed his precious condiment upon the floor, she was as much disposed to shed tears as to rate him for his clumsiness.

There were other moist eyes besides the troubled dame's. In the maidens' bower the gentle Avice scarcely could cast aside her wimple, and don her lap-cloth for the tears she shed, and stronger-nerved Idonea had scarcely self-command to comfort her.

"I feel as if Sir Gilbert was leaving me for ever," said the former, through her tears, "and there would be no bridal."

"And what of Sir Ralph? Nay, Avice, do not be cast down. We must show braver faces to our betrothed, or we may dishearten and unfit them for the work before them. Come, dry your eyes, and haste with me to relieve our dear mother of her many cares."

There was a clink of metal everywhere, a running to and fro of foot-pages, with casques or coats of mail, a clank of hoofs and hammers in the courtyard and the blacksmith's shed, the rivetting of armour, the nailing of horseshoes, the harnessing of steeds; and then the clangour of a bell to announce refection ready.

It was a hurried repast, partaken of by mailed knights, lacking only gauntlets and helmets to be fully armed, as were their attendant esquires and pages. And as none knew if the parliament so attended would pass peacefully, it was aught but a gladsome gathering.

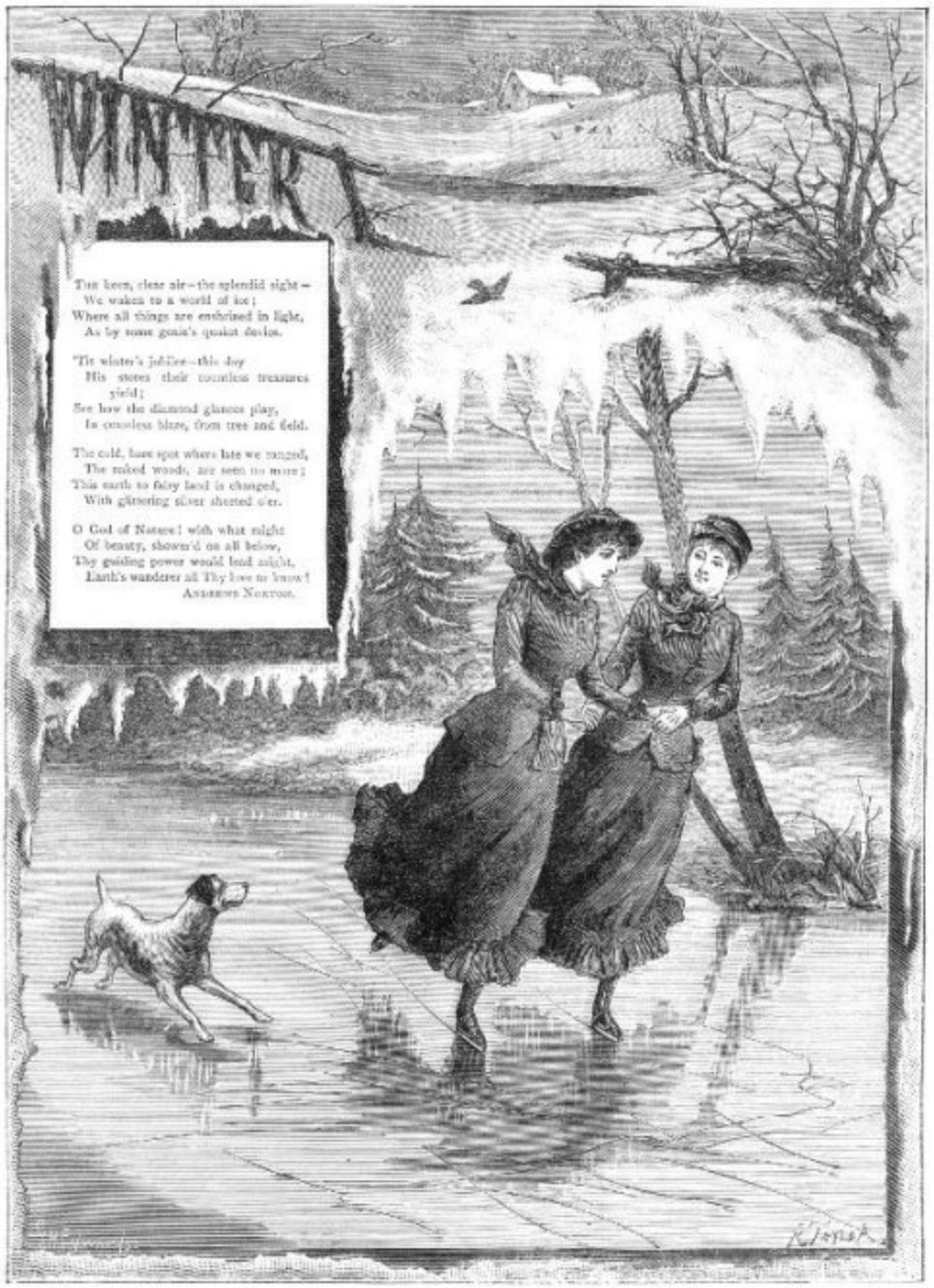
As was the custom, the ladies shared the platters of their spouses or betrothed, and so there were opportunities for hopeful or consoling words between the lovers; and then with full cups drained to "The King and Magna Charta!" earl and knights were up with the rest. Idonea and Avice clasped on the casques of their lovers, and were gallantly repaid.

A fatherly kiss from the earl, and he was off with a goodly train of armed knights and esquires, two of whom carried symbolic roses in their casques, the spoil of maidens' chaplets.

A pattering of young feet up the oaken stairs, a straining of eyes and waving of kerchiefs from the bower-window. Soon the party was seen to cross the Swarkstone ford, the sun shining on helms of gold and silver and steel, on lance-heads and waving pennons, and then—and then—came the waiting, whilst Prior John discoursed to them of Christian hope and trust, and William Harpur dwelt on the probability of strife and bloodshed, and my lady called on them for help to entertain such guests as still remained at Swarkstone Hall.

(*To be concluded.*)

WINTER



WINTER

The keen, clear air—the splendid sight—

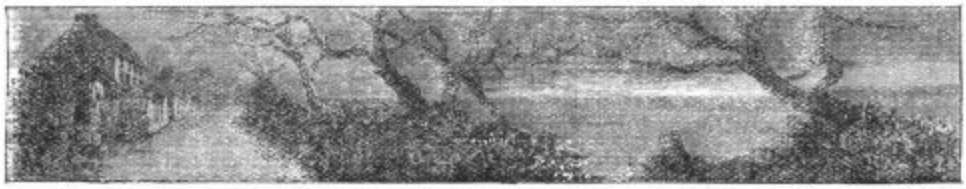
We waken to a world of ice;
Where all things are enshrined in light,
As by some genie's quaint device.

'Tis winter's jubilee this day
His stores their countless treasures yield;
See how the diamond glances play,
In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.

The cold, bare spot where late we ranged,
The naked woods, are seen no more;
This earth to fairy land is changed,
With glittering silver sheeted o'er.

O God of Nature! with what might
Of beauty, shower'd on all below,
Thy guiding power would lead aright,
Earth's wanderer all Thy love to know!

ANDREWS NORTON.



AN OLD MAN'S VISIONS IN THE FLAMES.

By JOS. CULLEN SAWTELL.

Beside a simple hearth I sit alone
To watch the plumes of smoke and fitful blaze,
And here reflecting how the time has flown,
I see in flames the sights of bygone days:
I'm sixty-six, with hair of purest white,
My brow is wrinkled in a thousand creeks,
And dim is now what once was clearest sight,
And hollow what were round and ruddy cheeks.

But stay—a vision in the flame appears:
With flowers a village churchyard path is strewn,
A youth and maiden hale and young in years
Are wedded 'midst the blossomings of June.
Alas! it scarcely seems but yesterday—
For I was that glad youth; and by my side
There stood, from head to foot in white array,
Her face adorned with smiles, my loving bride.

The flames burn low; there comes a change of sight.
I stand, as once I stood, with bated breath
And anxious mind, throughout the lengthened night,
To watch an awful strife 'twixt life and death.
At length the morning broke—outside 'twas gay,
But inside, sad; my wife had sweetly smiled,
And falling back had calmly passed away,
And I was left with Fan, my only child.

There courses down my cheek the usual tear—
I'll brush it back, and find a brighter theme;
See, flames are burning up with ruddy cheer,
And I can now discern a sunnier gleam;

Aye, aye! and 'tis a brighter theme to think
How Fan grew up and was beloved by all,
How never from a duty would she shrink,
Nor scruple to respond to ev'ry call.

Oft would she pluck and save the fairest bloom,
Or gather bunches of the rarest flow'rs,
And decorate a lonely cottage room
To brighten up a widow's dreary hours.
Her form was seen beside the sick man's bed,
To whom she read, and laboured to inspire:
And sanctity was in her as she led
On Sunday morn the simple village choir.

But tears course down, the fire again burns low;
The brighter th' sun, the darker follows shade,
Sweet years flew on—then heaven why was it so?—
I see the open grave where Fan was laid.

* * * * *

This life is sorrow-burdened: yet if bright
And framed of worldly bliss without alloy,
We should not see the worth of true delight,
Nor strive to gain an everlasting joy!

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAP. VII

JACK'S SMOCK-FROCK

"WADING ACROSS THE ANGRY BOURNE."

Fairy's education had been a puzzle to Mrs. Shelley, though at first Jack had taught her to read and write, until she was five years old, when the problem had been solved by the rector, Mr. Leslie, who had always taken a great deal of notice of the pretty child, offering to let her learn with his girls of their governess, who was a Frenchwoman, and from that day Fairy's mornings and afternoons till four o'clock were spent at the rectory, and in the evenings Jack helped her to prepare her lessons for the next day.

By this means Jack learnt French, and had access to many books which would otherwise have been impossible for him to get hold of. He made the most of his opportunities, and was always far ahead of Fairy in all her studies except French, and in this Fairy was the teacher, and her silvery laugh was often heard to ring out merrily at Jack's English accent, for she had begun to learn it so early that her accent was perfect; indeed, she seemed to have a gift for languages, so quickly did she pick up French; but then she had a very quick ear and a talent for mimicry, both of which are great helps in learning a foreign language.

Once or twice John Shelley—who had a great dread lest his eldest son should spend too much time over books, time which, unless the book was the Bible, the simple shepherd thought wasted—had suggested that Charlie should help Fairy, and Jack look after the sheep, but Fairy soon settled this; Jack could not follow the sheep in the evenings, and as for Charlie, he could read and write and do a little ciphering, but he hated books, and was no use to her at all. The three boys had only been sent to the village school till they were twelve years old, when Jack had been taken away to follow the sheep and learn a shepherd's duties, Willie had gone to sea, and Charlie, for the present, worked in the garden, looked after the pigs and poultry, and helped his mother in various ways.

"When will Jack be in, John? I want him to do my arithmetic for me," said Fairy, helping herself to a kind of harvest cake, called in Sussex plum-heavy, a dainty that was heavy by nature as well as by name, and the way in which the shepherd and his boys devoured them spoke well for their digestive organs.

"As soon as he has folded the sheep—that is, about eight o'clock," said the shepherd.

And a little after eight, just as Fairy, after a deal of puckering of her pretty brows, had given up her sums in despair, Jack came in. He was a tall, fine, handsome lad of seventeen, darker than his brothers and more like Mrs. Shelley than the shepherd in appearance, with a look of keen, quick intelligence in his brown eyes, and a sweet smile which lighted up his whole face. He was quick in all his actions, and had laid aside his hated crook and changed his clothes, and washed and seated himself by Fairy's side before he had been ten minutes in the house. Mrs. Shelley looked with

pride at her darling son as he bent his curly brown head over Fairy's slate, and in his clear voice, quite free from the Sussex brogue in which his parents and brothers spoke, explained decimal fractions to her.

Jack's manner to Fairy was rather a puzzle to his mother, for while it was more deferential than the shepherd's and less familiar than Charlie's, who, when he was clean, Fairy allowed to be on brotherly terms with her, at the same time he assumed a tone of intellectual superiority which Fairy quite acquiesced in and seemed to think quite natural, and yet she ordered him about just as she did the other boys, and he was certainly never so happy as when in her presence and doing her bidding.

Sometimes Mrs. Shelley feared for her boy's happiness, for though Fairy was only a child in age and everything else, Jack was five years older, and already his mother dreaded lest his affection and admiration should develop into a stronger feeling, although, for she was very ambitious for her boy, if she could know that in the far future Fairy would respond to the feeling, hope, and not fear, would have been the feeling with which she watched them.

When the sums were finished, Mrs. Shelley laid the cloth for supper, while Jack and Fairy discussed their plans for the next day.

"Where is father?" asked Jack, suddenly.

"Now coming in to supper; he is cross with you, you naughty boy, because you have not set the wheatear traps properly, and he only caught two dozen," said Fairy.

These wheatear traps are excavations in the turf, about a foot long, in the shape of a T. The birds run up the trenches and get entangled by the head in a noose.

"Well, that is five or six shillings, and there'll be another two dozen poor little things snared to-morrow," said Jack.

"More, I expect, Jack; your father has been after the traps himself this evening; but here he is, so don't mention them unless he does. Look what Fairy and I have been making for you, Jack. Show him, Fairy," said Mrs. Shelley, who was making a huge hasty pudding over the fire for supper.

"Yes, look here, Jack: a beautiful smock, a real smock! Isn't it lovely? John insisted on your wearing one, so we made it for your birthday; but don't look so unhappy, I have got a prettier present for you to-morrow," said Fairy, holding the heavy smock up in her tiny fingers.

"But why did you make me such a thing, mother? You might have known I could not possibly wear it," said Jack, flushing angrily, and ignoring Fairy's part in the manufacture of the unwelcome garb.

"Not wear it! What do you mean, Jack?" asked the shepherd, as he came in, followed by the other boys.

"Here's a joke! we shall have a row now," said Charlie, in an undertone, to Willie, boy-like, rejoicing in the prospect.

"I back old Jack to win this time," whispered Willie.

"Mean, father? Why, what I say. No power on earth shall induce me to wear a smock frock," said Jack, infusing all the scorn he could muster into the objectionable name of the still more objectionable thing.

It was some minutes before the shepherd could take in the full meaning of his son's words. He supposed there was some objection to this smock in particular, for as he wore a smock himself, and his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had done the same before him, it never occurred to him that Jack could object to smocks in general. Shepherds wore smocks; Jack was of course a shepherd because he, John Shelley, was a shepherd, therefore Jack must wear a smock.

"What is the matter with this smock? Is it too big, or too small, or what?" he asked, slowly.

"I don't know, I am sure, what size it is; I only know it is no use to me."

"But if you have not tried it on, how can you possibly tell? Put it on and let's see," said the shepherd, taking the smock from Fairy and handing it to Jack.

"I tell you, father, I won't wear a smock; it is bad enough to have to be a shepherd; wear a smock I won't," cried Jack, his eyes flashing dangerously.

John Shelley began to understand now; it was pride which was at the bottom of it—pride sprung from all this book-knowledge, which he had

always prophesied would lead to no good, and pride which must be trampled upon at once. John had never understood his eldest son, and he could no more enter into the feeling which prompted Jack to shrink from wearing this badge of his lowly calling than he could understand his objection to snaring wheatears.

"And I tell you, Jack, I will have no more of this folly. It all comes from the books you are always poring over instead of attending to your work."

"When have I ever neglected my work? Summer and winter alike, from five in the morning till sunset, am I following the sheep," interrupted Jack, passionately.

"Hush, Jack, dear, hush!" whispered Mrs. Shelley.

"Remember you are speaking to your father; and now no more of this. I order you to put on that smock at once, and sit down and get your supper in it."

"And I refuse ever to put it on," replied Jack.

The shepherd advanced a step towards the angry lad; but Fairy, trembling for the consequences, caught hold of John's arm and held him back, while Mrs. Shelley stood between her husband and Jack, who was shaking with suppressed passion.

"Do you mean you refuse to obey me?" asked the shepherd.

"Yes, in this I do," answered Jack, fiercely.

"Then leave the house until you know how to behave," said the shepherd, seating himself quietly at the supper-table.

No need to tell Jack twice to go. Hungry as he was, having had nothing to eat since his early dinner, he turned at once on his heel, and muttering something about never entering it again, he went out and banged the door after him. The next moment Fairy was running after him, her lovely hair floating in the evening breeze as she hooked her arm in his and tried to keep up with his great hasty strides.

For ten minutes Jack stalked angrily along, so fast that Fairy had almost to run to keep up with him. He had turned sharp to the left on leaving the field in which the shepherd's house stood, and where he was going Fairy could

not think, for the road they were in was only a kind of cart-drift leading to a stream which sprung out of the chalk hills, called the Winter-bourne, a mere tiny brook, which Fairy could leap dry-shod in summer; it was an angry rushing torrent in winter. It was a lovely July evening; the sun had set, but the after-glow still lingered in the western horizon; the pale blue sky was cloudless, and melted away into a delicate green and gold over the purple downs, which caught the golden reflection, and looked like golden hills in the evening light. About two miles to the left of Jack and Fairy lay the picturesque old town of Lewes in an amphitheatre of hills, the grand old castle and its ivy-covered walls forming the most attractive object in the picture; behind them, lay the soft rounded outlines of the range of downs, cold and grey under the darkening eastern sky. But Fairy was not much given to admiring sunsets or going into raptures over the Southdown scenery. She was hungry, and wanted to get back to supper as soon as she could persuade this tiresome angry Jack to come with her; and how to accomplish this was the problem she was anxiously trying to solve as she panted along by Jack's side. Her task would be only half done when she had succeeded in this, but this was the worst half. If she could only bring Jack to reason, she would soon persuade the shepherd to capitulate; he had never refused her anything in her life; many a time had she saved the boys from punishment; she was quite certain he would listen to her now. But Jack! She was by no means so sure of him; he required very delicate manipulation.

At last she stopped just as they reached the Winter-bourne, a harmless, innocent-looking little brook, whose violence in winter would have seemed incredible to Jack and Fairy if they had not once had a terrible experience of it.

It was when Fairy and Charlie were eight years old. Charlie having seen the brook the day before, swollen and rushing wildly along, challenged Fairy to wade through it; she, unconscious of the change, and remembering it only as a tiny stream which barely covered her little feet, accepted the challenge, declaring it was the easiest thing in the world to do; and the more Charlie protested she would never be able to succeed, the more determined Fairy was to try. But when they reached the bourne and Fairy saw, instead of a tiny brook, an angry stream thirty feet wide, rushing along, and disappearing under the turf, to rise again further on, and, as Charlie told her,

run through the priory grounds, where it was deep enough to drown a cow, her heart sank within her.

"I told you so," said Charlie; "I said you could not do it, but you would not believe me."

"But I will do it. Look here, Charlie, it is not deep here, is it? It can't be, you know, we have often played at mud pies where it is now running; it won't come much above my knees," said Fairy, taking off her shoes and socks.

"You had better not go, Fairy. It mayn't be deep, but it is very rapid; you may be carried away with it," urged Charlie.

"Bah!" laughed Fairy, dipping her pretty feet into the cold water, and shrieking with delight.

"Well, wait a minute till I have taken off my shoes, and we'll go together. It will be up to our waists in the middle, I believe," said Charlie; and the next minute the two children were wading across the angry bourne, laughing and screaming with delight, as each step they took the stream ran stronger and deeper.

But as they neared the centre of the stream the laughter ceased, and suddenly a wild shriek from Fairy, who was taken off her feet, rent the air, and, to Charlie's horror, he saw her carried away by the angry stream towards the spot where it disappeared under the turf, a horrid, dark-looking ditch. He rushed back to the shore, hoping to have time to lean over the ditch and catch her before she disappeared under it, but as his feet touched the dry land Jack, who luckily had seen the pair going towards the Winter-bourne from the down where he was watching the sheep, and knowing it to be a dangerous place, had come to order them home. Jack now rushed to the spot, and leaning over the mouth of the ditch, caught Fairy before she was carried under it. Luckily for Charlie, Jack had left his crook behind him, or there is no telling what harm he might have done to the child in his rage; as it was, he seized him, and would have beaten him unmercifully only Fairy cried to him to come and wring the water out of her clothes for her.

She was none the worse for her adventure, since Jack, in spite of all their entreaties, remorselessly led the culprits home at once, and, in answer to their fears that Mrs. Shelley would be very angry, only hoped she would, and was even cruel enough, as Fairy told him, to say it served them right

when the culprits were sent to bed as soon as Mrs. Shelley heard what had happened.

It was at this bourne that Fairy now stopped Jack, panting, and exclaiming, "Oh, Jack, do stop; I am so hot and tired, I can't walk another step."

"Fairy, why didn't you tell me before, child, and why did you come at all?" asked Jack, reproachfully, though in his heart pleasure at Fairy's coming was almost stronger than his anger with his father, which by this time had nearly vanished, for Jack's temper was as quickly over as it was roused.

"Why did I come? To bring you back to supper, of course; and why didn't I tell you before to stop? Because you would not have listened if I had when you were in such a rage, you tiresome, cross boy, you."

"I am not in a rage now, Fairy, only I am not going to wear a smock. But where is your hat? You will catch cold."

"Of course I shall; I feel rather chilly now. Do take me home, Jack, before it comes on bad," said the little hypocrite, who never caught cold by any chance.

"I'll go back to the house with you, Fairy, but I can't come in, you know. Father has turned me out."

"Oh, I know; John is as bad as you. Between you both you'll bring me and mother to a sick bed, quarrelling in this way. You ought both to be ashamed of yourselves, and all about a stupid smock frock. I don't know which is the silliest about it, you or John."

"I am sure, Fairy, you would not like to see me in a smock," interrupted Jack.

"I never said I should, but you need not have put yourself in such a temper about it, worrying me in this way, and teasing me when I am so hungry. Aren't you very sorry, sir?"

"Yes, you know I am, Fairy, but I can't and won't wear that smock. I'll keep it all my life, because you made it, but I will never——"

"Oh, do stop; I am so tired of that 'I won't wear a smock.' We will write a song for the next sheep-shearing, and that shall be the chorus. I am sure you will sing it most lustily. Now there's John to manage. Now, will you

promise me faithfully to wait out here in the garden while I go and talk to him?"

"Yes, I promise," said Jack, as they reached the shepherd's house, and Fairy, leaving him outside, went in to propitiate his father.

The others were at supper, or at least, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were sitting at the table; the boys had gone to bed.

"Where is Jack, Fairy?" asked Mrs. Shelley.

"He is outside, waiting for John to go and bring him in to supper, and I am so hungry; do go, John," said Fairy, putting one of her slender arms round the shepherd's neck.

John put up one of his brown weather-beaten hands, and took hold of the little delicate white hand resting coaxingly on his shoulder as he answered, "Fairy, Jack has behaved very badly."

"Perhaps he has, but he is very sorry," whispered Fairy.

"Well, for your sake I'll forgive him, then," said the shepherd, rising from his seat.

"Yes, but wait a minute, John. He is very sorry, but he won't wear a smock, so it won't be the least bit of use your asking him," said Fairy.

"I knew he wouldn't, and if Fairy can't persuade him it is no use your making any more fuss about it. Do, for goodness sake, drop it, John, and fetch the lad in to supper. You can't force a boy of his age as a child of twelve, and, after all, he does his work just as well without a smock as with one, so do let us have peace," said Mrs. Shelley, who had been arguing the vexed question with her husband during Jack's absence.

"That is not the point. The question is, who is to be master in this house, Jack or I?" said the shepherd, seating himself again.

"Nonsense! the only question is, are you going to drive your son, as good a son as man can have, away from his home to rack and ruin for the sake of a whim of yours? Times have changed since you were young; people don't do as they did. My mother followed the sheep in shearing-time, but that is no reason why I should do the same."

"Times may have changed, but sons still obey their fathers, and a man is still master in his own house, and if not he ought to be; at any rate, I mean to be master in mine," said John.

"And I mean to be mistress, and I say Jack shan't wear a smock. I hate the ugly things, and if Jack goes away I'll go away too," burst out Fairy, stamping her little foot, and then, as if half-alarmed and half-afraid of the effect of her words, she threw herself into Mrs. Shelley's arms, sobbing out, "and you are very unkind to me, as well as to Jack."

Fairy's violence surprised the shepherd into rising from his seat, but when she burst into tears he laid his hand on her golden head, and saying, "Well, well, well, we won't say any more about it," he went out of the house.

What passed between the shepherd and his son no one ever knew, but they came in to supper together a few minutes later, both of them rather grave, but on good terms with each other. And Jack never wore the smock.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Selfish Man!

"My darling little wife," said a husband, "you will be pleased to hear I have just insured my life."

"Yes, of course," replied the wife, "there it is again—another proof of how utterly selfish and inconsiderate men are, always thinking of themselves. Naturally, it never occurred to you to insure my life."

A Lesson in Courtesy.—"My child," said a father to his daughter, "treat everybody with politeness, even though they are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are ladies, but because you are one."

Snail Cough-mixture.—The following glimpse of an old lady's pharmacopœia in the middle of last century is got from a letter of Mrs. Delany's written in January, 1758:—"Does Mary cough in the night? Two or three snails boiled in her barley-water or tea-water, or whatever she drinks, might be of great service to her; taken in time they have done wonderful cures. She must know nothing of it. They give no manner of taste. It would be best nobody should know it but yourself, and I should imagine six or eight boiled in a quart of water and strained off and put in a bottle would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to every liquid she takes. They must be fresh done every two or three days, otherwise they grow too thick."

The Truth about Wives.

Some wicked wits have libelled all the fair.
With matchless impudence they call a wife
The dear-bought curse and lawful plague of life;

A bosom serpent, a domestic evil.

* * * * *

Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard;
All other goods by fortune's hand are given—
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
A wife! Oh, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

—*Pope.*

A NOVELIST'S TALE.—Why is a novelist an unnatural phenomenon? Because his tale comes out of his head.

SUNSHINE AT HOME.—No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

"WHAT DOES YF SPELL?"

"Bad spelling," says Benjamin Franklin in one of his letters, "is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance: a gentleman received a letter in which were these words, 'Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your meseg to his yf.' The gentleman, finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him to read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the yf, which they could not understand. The lady proposed to called her chambermaid, 'because Betty,' says she, 'has the best knack at

reading bad spelling of anyone I know!' Betty came and was surprised that neither sir nor madame could tell what yf was.

"'Why,' says she, 'y—f spells wife; what else can it spell?'

"And, indeed, it is a much better, as well as shorter, method of spelling wife than doubleyou-i-ef-e, which in reality spells double-uifey."

THE HEIGHT OF WOMAN.—Given sixty-six inches as the average height of a man, the average height of a woman is sixty-three inches.—*Charles Blanc.*

LITTLE MINDS.—It is the characteristic of little and frivolous minds to be wholly occupied with the vulgar objects of life.—*Blair.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TOM.—We think that you might be received as a pupil at a school in Dresden, before recommended by us. Write to the matron, Frau Johanna Knipp-Frauen, Industrie Schule, Elias Platz, No. 4, Ecke der Sachsen Allée, Zu Dresden. Before attempting to teach the English language she should make herself better acquainted with it. She uses the third person singular and the second in the plural in the same letter, and in addressing one and the same individual.

MIDGE.—We think that the College of Preceptors would meet your wishes better than any other. Write to the secretary, C. R. Hodgson, Esq., 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. You write very well. We may add, that this college grants diplomas to teachers of three grades—associates, licentiates, and fellows—for which persons of both sexes are eligible. Lectures on the theory of teaching are given in the college rooms.

ADA BELLE.—Write to the secretary or lady superintendent of the Mildmay Deaconesses' Institution, Mildmay Park, N., of which there is a branch home at 9, 11, and 15, Effra-road, Brixton, S.W.

LAURA.—1. See our answer to "Chatterbox." The mere question of having obtained educational certificates does not include all that is required of a governess. 2. The phrase, to "leave no stone unturned," is taken from "Euripides," and may be traced to a response of the Delphic oracle to Polycrates, with reference to the finding of treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. Literally given, it was "Turn every stone." We think it was a very safe answer, and did not require supernatural wisdom to dictate it.

GUARDIAN.—We advise you to write to the chaplain of the Rue d'Aguesseau Church, Paris, the Rev. T. Howard Gill, for information and advice respecting the education of English girls in France. See answer to "Anxious Mother."

RENEE VIVIAN.—1. If you refer to our recent answers to such queries as yours, under the above heading, you will find a reference to a shilling manual, called a "Directory of Girls' Clubs," educational, religious, and industrial. The ages of the students vary in many of them, and so do the other rules. Write for it to Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C. 2. The quotation, "Call us not weeds," etc., is from "The Mother's Fables," by E. L. Aveline. Our society (the Religious Tract Society) has depôts all over the kingdom.

UN VRAI SINGE.—Apply to Miss Leigh for advice and information, Avenue Wagram, No. 44, Paris.

ART.

WINNIPEG.—The best plan for disposing of valuable pictures is to send them to Christie and Manson's, King-street, S.W., and put a reserve price upon them, in case of a small and unsatisfactory competition.

STAR OF THE SOUTH.—1. We do not think it possible for you to obtain a livelihood by tinting photographs, and must especially warn you against answering advertisements professing to give remunerative employment to ladies in this way. 2. There are plenty of pottery works at Stafford, but they would not teach you pottery painting unless you were one of their workpeople and gave up your whole time to them. You would receive very little money at first, and might never become a first-class proficient at the work. Your better plan would be to take a few private lessons, and find out what your capabilities were before giving up an employment of which you are sure.

MUSIC.

ANNIE JAMES.—People are usually asked to sing at concerts. You may be sure, when they know you can sing, you will soon be asked; but if you find any occasion when you think it would be an act of kindness to volunteer to do so, there is nothing to prevent your giving your assistance.

GERTRUDE MAY.—Certainly, offer your services if you can be of use.

A. Andrews.—We are happy to hear that our notices have led so many to take advantage of your Musical Improvement Association. The fact that three extra prizes may be gained by those who have practised the greatest number of extra hours, and that musical soirées are occasionally given at Queenstown by the members, form distinctive attractions to your society.

Fiddlestring.—Take your compositions to any music publisher's, and they will give you every information. You will find a list in the London Directory.

Sister Elizabeth could study harmony by herself very well, and make good progress. The Primers of Messrs. Novello and Co. are very good indeed.

Narcissus.—The Royal College of Music is at Kensington-gore, S.W.; principal, Sir George Grove; hon. secretary, Charles Morley; fee for tuition only, £40 per annum. Lodgings for students named if desired.

Snowdrop, No. 100.—You have begun singing too early. Get an opinion at an eye or ear infirmary, or a good experienced doctor. Your writing is particularly good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gwen H. M.—Express your regret at having forgotten yourself and spoken in temper disrespectfully to your mistress. You can do no more; but she can be compelled to give you a character, although giving her own version of the cause of your dismissal.

Inquisitive.—The 18th of January, 1872, was a Thursday, and the 14th of March a Thursday. Reverse the method you have adopted of making heavy upper strokes and light down ones.

Dots.—The words "speciality" and "specialty" are synonymous, and may both be used; but the former is adopted by our best writers—as, for example, the novelists Bulwer-Lytton, and Dickens, the poet Elizabeth B. Browning, and the theological historian, Hooker. Nevertheless, Shakespeare says "specialty," but that may have been the old word of a former age, and such could not govern modern usages.

REGRETFUL need not feel unhappy about a kindly act of sympathy. The letter was doubtless written in suitable terms. Her verses have a good deal of prettiness and sweetness about them; but she needs to study the rules of metrical composition, as a good many errors appear in her lines. We direct her attention to previous answers.

A. M. L.—1. We are perpetually telling our girls that it is very unladylike for them to walk out alone with men unless engaged to them, and with the knowledge and consent of their parents. Even if you could not take the trouble of reading out answers to other girls on this subject, why do you not ask the opinion and advice of your mother or aunt, or any lady possessing ordinary common sense and acquaintance with the general rules of propriety. 2. Clean brass with cream of tartar made into a wet paste; brush off when dry, wash in boiling water, and rub with a chamois leather.

LITTLE WHITE OSS.—To remove grease from dresses, rub the spots with benzoline and hang them in the air. The word "catechism" is derived from the Greek, and signifies a form of oral instruction in the rudiments of knowledge by way of question and answer. The oral instructions delivered by the early Christian priests to their converts were written down first in the eighth or ninth centuries, the present Church of England Catechism in 1551, and was added to and altered in 1604 by the order of James I. We do not admire your selection of a name. "White Rabbit" or "White Mouse" would have been preferable.

TWENTY.—Write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn. The Editor has nothing to do with the publishing department.

CECILIA.—Good Friday is a Bank Holiday, also Easter Monday, Whit Monday, first Monday in August, Christmas Day, and the day following, or, if that be a Sunday, then the Monday following. In Scotland the holidays are different, being New Year's Day, Good Friday, first Monday in May, first Monday in August, and Christmas Day.

WHITE VIOLET.—September 21st, 1869, was a Friday; June 27th, 1867, was a Thursday. Your other query has been recently answered.

PICANINNY.—We are glad to hear you have found the G. O. P. so useful. Use gloves.

IRA.—We are much obliged, and regret we cannot make use of them.

LITTLE WOMAN.—We think you had better let matters take their natural course. Such a long and intimate acquaintance would be the best commencement for married life, which is too often hastily entered into, and thus ends in disappointment from lack of knowledge of each other's characters and habits.

LIZZIE F.—An answer has been given to your question very lately.

ENGLISH GIRL should wear a veil in the summer if she fears freckles, and in winter also if her skin be so tender.

AN ANXIOUS ONE (Leeds) should consult a doctor without delay.

H. A. CHART must send to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the index and plates, 1s. being required, and postage.

TROUBLESOME ONE.—If you meet a funeral procession accompanying a deceased person, it is in good taste to stop while it passes, and for a man to take off his hat. You do not stop if it merely overtake you, travelling the same way, nor need you to stop, whether riding or driving, if the hearse be empty. The rule is, that all respect be shown to the dead and the grief of the mourners.

ISCA WELLESLEY.—How could you so far forget yourself as to send flowers to a strange man? You cannot bow to any man, "peculiar" or not, if he have not been introduced to you. Is it possible that you thought of bowing to a man with whom you were not acquainted? We think your mother would feel tempted to box your ears if she knew that you did!

A HYBRID LASS(?).—The three days immediately preceding the Feast of the Ascension were so named because on them litanies were recited by the clergy and people in procession, a custom of which the "beating of bounds" is a relic. Their institution is ascribed to Mamertius, Bishop of Vienna in the fifth century.

CHIESA had better consult a doctor, as such things are dangerous for unskilled hands to meddle with. We do not recognise the poem.

AZALEA.—Such matters must be referred to the decision of each individual conscience, for what one person might consider an enjoyable relaxation

another might think wrong. But we must not judge anyone, only act for ourselves, in the fear and love of God.

EXCELSIOR.—The line—

> "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand"

is by Tennyson.

ANNIE'S verses are very good for ten years old, but she will probably improve on them before she is twice ten.

A. J. M.—The certificates are all dated Lady Day, 1886. You make a mistake. We think it unnecessary fault finding.

LITTLE GHERKINS.—1. Although your verses are rather too irregular to be put into the G. O. P., there is much humour about them, and they afforded us a good laugh, for which we thank you, and wish you health to enjoy the paper we provide for you for many a day. 2. Write to the secretary of the convalescent home at Walton-on-Thames, at the office, 32, Sackville-street, W. Admission is free. Get a letter from your doctor to recommend you, and they will take you in for three weeks' change of air.

SCOTIA.—1. It is impossible to make smoke pictures indelible. They should be mounted in deep mounts and framed if worth preserving. 2. The origin of acting as "gooseberry" is found in the unsatisfactory office of a gooseberry gatherer, who undertakes the trouble and bears all the scratching from the thorns for the delectation of others. Thus, the "gooseberry" is the person who, for propriety sake, accompanies two lovers, and is expected to hear, see, and say nothing—*i.e.*, have all the toil and the dulness without the pleasure of companionship.

LOLLO.—The address of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution is 32, Sackville-street, London. Apply to the secretary for information.

EVANGELINE GRACE.—Gather leaves in the early autumn when touched, but not faded, by the frost; dry them thoroughly, and preserve them from decay by giving them a slight coat of varnish.

GRACE NOEL.—We are obliged for your communication about the Colonial Exhibition, and regret that we have not space to publish it. We consider it a very creditable production for a girl of twelve years old.

HATTIE is probably diminutive for Harriet. We do not understand your question.

JANET C.—You had better take your Bible and look out all the places where dreams are mentioned.

A. E. T.—The present King of Greece ascended the throne, 30th March, 1863, and married, 27th October, 1867, Olga, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the present queen. We do not think there is any such word in the dictionary, or out of it.

TIE.—The Italian for "How do you do" is "*Come sta?*" the French, "*Comment vous partez-vous?*" the German, "*Wie befinden sie sich?*" The translation of the Latin, "*De mortuis*," etc., is, "Of the dead say nothing but good."

KATRINA S.—Some articles on riding were given in the G. O. P. The dress consists of habit, trousers, and low stays.

ALICE.—Intimate friends and relations give presents at such events as silver weddings, but no others are expected.

CONVALESCENCE.

PSEUDO (Worthing).—1. Not less than eight or nine hours' sleep is needful for young people, so do not stint your rest; get to bed early, and rise at 6.30 or 7 a.m. 2. A very good book on how to teach arithmetic is

published by Moffat and Paige, 28, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 2s. 6d., as well as other useful manuals for the teacher.

RUTH (West Indies).—The account you give of the condition of both head and hair is quite shocking. You had better cut it short, and then wash your head well with plenty of soap, and keep it clean always. Possibly, however, not dirt, but some disease of the scalp may be the cause of the condition you describe. If so, you had better show it to a doctor. But, in any case, you had better cut it short for a time.

WHITE ROSE (Shepherd's Bush).—You are not too young to be a godmother, but your services to the child will probably be superfluous, as the parents —or, at least, the mother—will see that the child is taught the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, and will see that it be confirmed at a suitable age. But you must take care that while praying for the child you are also to set it, and all who know you, a good Christian example of keeping your own vows to God. In ancient times Christian parents were often martyred, and then the responsibility of the child's religious education devolved on the godparents.

MATE.—It is not incumbent on a man to call his wife's father and mother by those titles. Many only address them as "Mr." and "Mrs." Nevertheless, it is desirable to do all things that tend to make peace and a friendly feeling rather than the reverse. When a man likes his mother-in-law he sometimes has a pet name for her, such as "Mum" and "Mumsey."

MAY.—You seem to work rather beyond the strength of a girl of fifteen; but, of course, you have not got to "wash for eleven children every day," nor "clean five bedrooms." The cheap velvet slippers you name might wear fairly well in the house.

A YOUTHFUL POET finds herself plunged in great difficulties in the midst of some most obdurate verses, two of which will not accommodate any last line. She writes about "cricket," and about the necessity of being "in her place by the hour" at school, or "get punished in some way not so extreme as a *wacking*." If this youthful poet mistakes us for her muse, and depends on us to inspire her, or to write her verses for her, we can only decline, with thanks for the honour done us. In return, we must strongly recommend her to improve her writing.

BLUEBELL.—In reply to your query, "Why, in sailing round the world eastward, twenty-four hours are gained?" we may explain the fact thus. The world's rotation takes twenty-four hours. If, now, a person be travelling in the direction of rotation, an amount of time is gained proportional to the distance covered. Therefore, in travelling round the equator in the direction of rotation, the total time gained will be proportional to the earth's circumference—in other words, to the distance travelled. Of course, if travelling much below or above the line, the circumference would be less and the result affected.

A MALE READER.—You will find our articles on women's Christian names in vol. iv., the parts for October and November, 1882, and for January and March, 1883. Harriett, like Henrietta, is the feminine for Henry, and means "noble," and Emma is the Gothic for "mother."

A. L. W.—Yes, seashells are found far inland and high above the present sea-level. In Sweden there are great beds of them, and even barnacles on some of the rocks at Udevalla, fifty miles from the North Sea and seventy from the Baltic. The whole of Scandinavia is rising, and North of Stockholm at the North Cape, at the rate of some six feet in a century.

DOLGELLY.—We should always regret that the smallest annoyance was caused by any writer in this paper on the characteristics of a county or province of the United Kingdom, and we are not pledged to the opinions gathered by our story-writers, formed from their own experience when resident in such localities. Did "Dolgelly" read the declarations recently made by one of our judges in a court of assize held at Chester?

DISCONTENTED should not worry herself over little disadvantages, for which she is in no way responsible. If so plain as she imagines, it would be well to cultivate beauty in the character, the temper, and the manners. Many plain people make themselves most attractive by the sweetness of their expression and the kindliness of their actions, small as well as great. See page 348, vol. i. 2. Cut your nails once a week.

A FOREIGNER.—You should make your arrangements with a German publisher to translate any English work into German that he may require. Get an introduction to one or more in Germany.

TYZA WORRALL.—1. If the audience thank you after singing at a village concert, you should thank them by bowing. 2. To lay the tea-things on a coloured cloth is only a piece of economy, not fashionable nor nice. If anything be spilt upon it, it remains dirty, as it cannot be washed on every such occasion like a white linen one. Better to lay the tea on the bare mahogany or oak table. Coloured woollen or cotton cloths have a fusty appearance as connected with meals. We regret your answer should have been delayed.

H. G. C.—Write to the hon. secretary, Mrs. Paterson, of the Woman's Protective and Provident League, 36, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. The league has a register of work and workers, and protects the trade interests of women.

CAPRICE had better write and inquire about an English translation from the gentleman who edits the French editions in England. The eagle is emblematic of St. John the Evangelist, because he looked on "the Sun of Glory," like the eagle, with undazzled eyes. The eagle was one of the four figures which made up the cherub (Ezek. i. 10). The two outspread wings of the eagle represent the two Testaments, and the use of the eagle to support the lectern was because the eagle is the natural enemy of the serpent.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'."—The motto of the Campbells is *Ne obliviscaris*, "You must not forget," or "Do not forget."

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE.

The following changes have been made to the original text:

Page 103: "avoidupois" changed to "avoirdupois"
Page 104: "Pot-au feu" changed to "Pot-au-feu"
Page 111: "Bulwer, Lytton" changed to "Bulwer-Lytton"
Page 111: "d'Ague seau" changed to "d'Aguesseau"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, VOL. VIII, NO. 359, NOVEMBER 13, 1886 ***

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